King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe resoluing witty *Buckingham,*
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby

How now what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts be yond the seas
Where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor this abroad.
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close;
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him;
Looke how thou dreamest; I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne pluckes on sinne,
Teares falling, pitty dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?
Tir. Iames Tirrel, & your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.
King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord but I had rather kill two deepe enemies
King. Why there thou hast it, to deepe enemies.
Foes to my rest that my sweet sleepe disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon;
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

And soone ile rid you from th
Kin. Thou singst sweet musi
Go by that token, rise and lend
Tis no more but so, say, is it c
And I will loue thee, and pre
Tir. Tis done my good Lor
Kin. Shall we heare from the
Tir. Yea my good Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue consid
The late demand that you di
Kin. Well let that passe, *Dors*
Buc. I heare that news my Lo
Kin. Stanley, he is your wiues
Buc. My Lord, I claime your
For which your honour and y
The Earledome of *Herford*, a
The which you promised I sh
Kin. Stanley, looke to you
Letters to *Richmond*, you sha
Buc. What sayes your highn
Kin. As I remember *Henry* t
Did prophesie that *Richmond*
When *Richmond* was a little p
A King perhaps, perhaps.
Buc. My Lord.
Kin, How chance the Prophe
Haue told me I being by, that
Buc. My Lord, your promise
Kin. Richmond, When last I
The Maior in curtesie shewd
And called it Rugemount, a
Because a Lord of *Ireland* to
I should not liue long after I s
Buc. My Lord.
Kin. I, Whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put
Of what you promisd me.
Kin. Well, but whats a cloc
Buc. Vpon the stroke of 10,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37